A grecuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchie and waiward was thy infancy,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wild and furious:
Thy age confirmde, proud subtile, bloudie trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy company?
King. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my company:
If it be so grarious in your sight,
Let me march on and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance
Ere from his warre thou turne a conquerour,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleate armour that thou werst,
My prayers on the aduerse party fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemyes,
And promise them successe in victory,
Bloody thou art and bloody will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though farr more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They shall be praying nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,
King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beauty,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamy,
So she may liue vnscarde from bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth shee is of royall blood.
Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.
King. Her life is onely safest in her birth.
Qu. And onely in that safety died her brothers.
King. Loe at their births good starres are opposite.
Qu. No to there liues bad friends were contrary.
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny,
Qu. True when auoyded grace makes destany,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
King. Madam so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile armes,
As intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours were by me wrong'd.
Qu. What good is couered with the face of heauen,
To be discouered that can doe me good.
King. The aduancement of your children mighty Lady,
Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
King. No to the dignity and height of honor,
The hight inperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wtongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
King Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter,
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.
King. What doe you thinke?
Qu. That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soule didst thou loue her brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I thanke thee for it,
King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of *England.*